

The Making of Temporal Theory II:

Developments in Temporal Dissonance and
the special relationship to numbers

By

Indana Simonde

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For Joshua and Michael

Secondary Preface and Reintroduction

The present book thus far is intended for all intents and purposes wherever possible to give an exact insight, both into the diction, language and knowledge where defined as to the Temporal Order. This Order is defined as both general scientific knowledge broken down with regards to the types of technology and structures would be required within and outside of the known universe(s) but equally the philosophical and paradoxical knowledge broken down unequivocally. As well as technical and technological points of view. Where these, the curious few individuals who are interested in the points of view, where these are mentioned with regards to the theory of Temporal Dissonance, as to the overall development and knowledge recited within the Temporal Order.

Please see the notes in Relativity 1: Apparatus of Theoretical Physics for a breakdown of the work, which, whilst presuming a standard of education that corresponds to a university matriculation, and despite the nature of the book; a fair amount of patience, and work on the part of the reader will be required. In order to understand and develop the idea, until you are able to spare the author a few polite words with regards to the formulation of theorem. The present and main idea's in the simplest and most intelligible points of note, again as idea's must be highlighted as they originated from the C.A.B.L.E Government O.S.

Introduction – In search of hope, happiness and humility

To begin with, I was born in a small town in a country formerly known as Northern Rhodesia, but now formally known as Zambia. Whilst I have lived and grown accustomed to my more recent Britishness, I am and always likely will be conflicted; not as to my personal loyalties and ties to my current home but rather, as to the culture that raised me. My grandfather, a Zambian diplomat, placed within an ambassadorial role was called Wamweni Mayondi.

My mother, his daughter, married my father, who was fresh out of another relationship. Both my mother and father were medical professionals who worked hard the vast majority of their lives to become pillars of the communities they lived and worked in. At times, more recently, it has grown more difficult to distinguish, due to mental ill-health and a poor quality lifestyle, exactly whom I have grown to emulate, having lived in the shadow of my parents and grandparents for so long. Despite this fact, and as a direct result of having faced an upward struggle to define in my own eyes who I am and was attempting to become, I have struggled with the pace and rate of modern life. Academia and the discourses that travelled with her, along with finding gainful employment in a career that I was fit to serve in have equally been hurdles that to this day I am still struggling with.

I have battled the evils of substance misuse, addiction and the isolation of a broken and lonely heart in isolation the vast majority of my life, only to find the very peers I so desperately clung to leaving a rather hollow emptiness that over time has never subsided. The constant reminder in Scotland, as a proud nation founded on a heritage of peaceful coexistence and war has left me equally fighting everything and everyone everywhere

simply to be heard in a tone that is far from angry, rather, grateful and humbled by the honour of my adoptive nation.

For over a decade or more I have been involved in amateur dramatics, sound production and performance as well as writing, and yet, still I find myself fighting the same battle(s) to be heard in a tone that is not angry, but rather hopeful and honest. As such I thought it prudent to note, I was twenty four or so when I first discovered my love for constitutional politics, along with Marxism; as I had dropped out of a management degree aged twenty one in my third year. My friends at the time, as with my brothers, all achieved academic success where I failed to succeed in an institutional setting. Rather, having fallen in love with the academia of a forgotten age, I left the institution of university without the skills to succeed in an ever increasingly corporate world of banking; having worked for a number of prestigious organisations on a temporary basis.

Even with a strong Curriculum Vitae, I failed to save, spend time with my family or find time for God; favouring academic principles in popular science as opposed to management. I found Roger Penrose, Einstein and Richard Feynman more enthralling post university than Peter Drucker or Sun Tsu; both part of the stable diet of a “*sell, sell, sell!*” mentality. This, of course, was largely because I failed to understand the most basic concepts of the marketing mix; price, place, product, promotion and people as academic principles that were to be followed both throughout my career and further afield.

No matter how hard I tried, still I couldn't get the dream of outshadowing the past shadow I lived under in order to overcome the difficulties I faced in childhood. It wasn't until I read Stephen Hawking's theories on the history of the universe coupled with Einstein's Relativity that my questions of God, space-time and the universe / many worlds theorem / string theory became ever more spuriously rolled into one question. That question was one

of armed social coercion versus societal cohesion and the sociological make-up of the world.

I had grown up watching world leaders such as Mikhail Gorbachev and Ronald Reagan, George Bush and Margaret Thatcher. I remember the day Princess Diana and Mother Theresa passed away and still remember the smiling face of the late Nelson Mandela. In youth, I would watch the Phantom of the Opera and wish I could skate like so many national and international Winter Olympics heroes. But more than that I wanted to give back to the community that had fuelled my thirst for knowledge.

In that regard, I fear I failed to draw attention to what should have been a test of my character, both prior to and post diplomatic mentoring by members of the academic and political institutions in Scotland of whom, to this day I am afraid I have let down as with the Scottish people due to the failure of the mentoring programme. That of course, is in part the reason for my many books on subjects that vary from love, politics and honour to romance, and quantum temporal mechanics and dynamics (at the end of this book) which served as a public apology for a life less enjoyed than lived.

I have always protested my fears, joys, elation and emotional content to my family and friends with such a ferocious intensity that I actually forgot who I was and what I as one person was attempting to achieve. How little I knew then, as with now.

I.S

12/11/2019

Part II - Poetry

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Once I longed for a retreat by the sea,
to watch ships sail to frothy shore,
longing, for a glimpse by day or night,
of all I see,
divided only by attention to peace
and hope no more.

“Stay..” she whispered
each breath varying in depth,
every heartbeat moving from shallow to deep;
“..stay in the light!” she would finally exclaim,
despite the clear and challenging depth.

She would struggle with steps,
but off to work another day;
coffee to fight sleep,
jacket to fight the cold,
her voice calling where reality cuts.

Issues unresolved for all its worth,
I cannot regain the time
yet a soul pours.

Had the earth, or I, cost more,
neither she, nor I would share a song.
But today is my own,
a mourning for another day.

Like a beauty spot on inky skin,
there is still beauty in nature;
if nothing else.

1

Once again, dared I to drink of a potion,
as a product of time itself long since remade;
in which I discovered a solution,
to all of life’s problems, and found my dreams bare laid.

Through open doors and hallways,
I travelled out of sight;
towards a land of purified light always,
as beams filled me with might.

Beyond this there was little else thus far,
no buildings, roads or people;
only creatures composed of a distant star,
in whom my eyes grew feeble.

It was in this dream I finally awoke
Churning and yearning for the sound they softly spoke.

2

As always struggled, I, to think.
Despite the multitude of clocks,
with their incessant ticking, began I to sink;
into a menagerie of unreality until the door, it knocks.

Dancing a motionless jig to door,
with stampeding clock-sound following;
I'd reach arm out to open floor,
falling elation turning to wallowing.

Yet still this rap on hollow wood,
where breaching sand remain,
gathering myself to open door, should,
until the smiling sound I feign.

Like sparks of fire remained in mind,
the smiling sound returned in kind.

3

What manner of clouds are these?
Forever, eternally caught in sunset,
where no rain falls on hungry trees,
but rather, the opposition to being consumed with love unmet.

Between these ears and eyes,
within this empty hollow heart of mine,
yet still, I consume love, were it not for these ears and eyes,
listening and seeing, watching and waiting for a sign.

This sign I speak of,
in which all things grow;
as with molten gold thereof,
more precious is it than snow.

As with all things this bitter breed,
carrying with it all things, as with the seed.

4

Imagine being the last set of eyes to see a sunrise,
or feel the breeze calm and cool.
Imagine being the last to see a tree fall
or hear the sound of the rain call.

If I could play, I'd say;
 I shall slay with beats and not bombs,
 words not tanks at my flank,
 Soldiers calling ranks as
 boots shovelled through minds of mud or snow,
pulling banks into roads
mountains and tree's bearing the only leaves
the only leafs that god intended unsheathed.

As a wall of ivy grows
 I'd hope my words flow,
 such that I can reap what I sow,
 in order to show how
I discovered a world anew.
A world with you.
I wanted to see you view the stars.

Part II – A brief play (in the form of developing dialogue)

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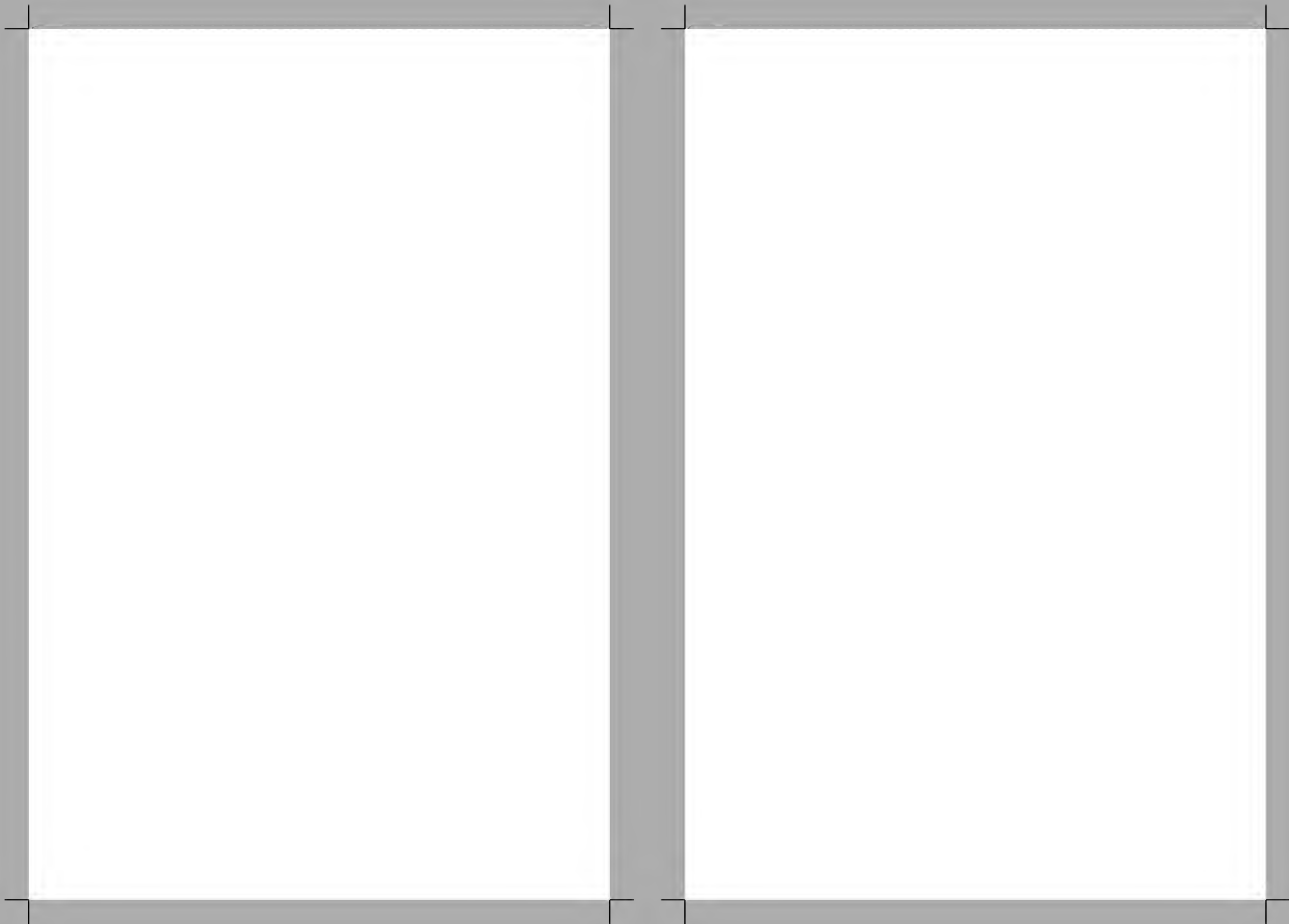
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the remains of cities, lakes and streams to freeze instantly, exposed to the droid army, the Biomechs of the Red Gauntlet, the End had come for human civilisation. As an example of writing which whilst macabre in its context for the intentions of fulfilling the role of a character within a story, namely Imperator, the idea of an apocalyptic scene starting the story would be a radical thought in creating a non-linear narrative.

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Introduction: The makings of an author

Thus, as a writing system, a body of intellectual thought must be intelligently thought through with both eyes open in an inquisitive and enquiring examination of language, which may be followed. Spend a day rewriting a language, say for instance the language within the letters of Seneca: eventually, prior to translating into English; you might find that you are far more competent to lead your writing (namely the reader(s)) attention and participation: in covering a brief contrast between divergent and convergent trends in learning, academia in the form of Legislation, Biology, Language Studies, English Literature (old and more recent), Science(s) and the politics of society. In so doing, your diction, critical analyses skills and more apt construction of sentences, scenes and scenarios, political and social studies, cultural and even the scent of perfume licking the window as a changing conglomeration of smog or dust filled horizons changed into a distinct discursive diatribe as opposed to a dialogue. The aim is to alter whilst leading forward with thoughts inspirational such that, as you move from and transition into an author, your role must first be confirmed by not solely acquisition of your first book; regardless of the speed or volume, rather the transition must be total, hence the title of The Total Writing System. e.g. *The Multiphase Multiverse Inverter had been searching throughout history. As the outermost of the the layers of the planetary crust was torn from the smouldering sphere, leaving burning hot magma and lava flecks, along with*



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